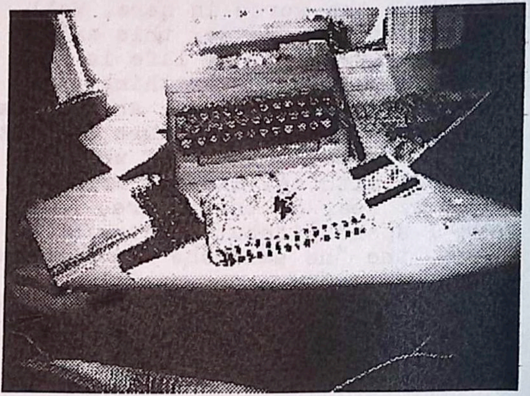
MY WINTER BLANKET #5

This is an introduction of sorts. Not to my zine exactly, but to my life. I try to romanticize my life with the words in here. Well, it's not all drugs sex this and poetry lo ve that. My life is real and difficult and everything it should and shouldn't be. And that's what this issue is. Because I don't usually write in terms of what's going on with me. I don't write about my fear of the future, the days I spend without leaving my house, the "he said she said" drama of being sixteen, the nights I spend making myselfsick from smoking when my only company at 2am is adult swim, the internet, xxand myxusic. I dont write about these things and i should.

So, this is my attempt. And maybe some wont like it because its not all filled with beautiful words and a smooth flow. Because, well, life isnt always filled with these th things. kxkxxpex and i xhope you can understand.

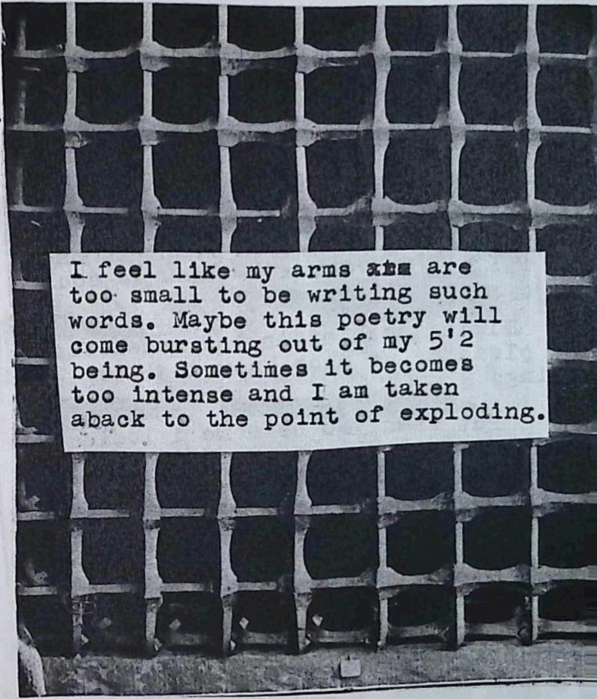
thank you. ♡Jocelyn



Tonight I read your words
through drunken eyes. Clutching
paper to chest and running tremblin
fingers over old sentsnces. I am
sweating out liquor and breathing o
nicotine.

&isnt that enough?

I dont want xxto be seen as an object. I am more than a vagina and a decent set of tits. I am more than most people think. I want to be someone. I dont want to be the oneAM call to break in the backseat. I dont want to be the girl lying alone in the bathtub trying to turn tears into words. I want to vomit every last piece of me into the air. I want to be able to spit up my soul. because i sure as hell dont want it anymore.



I feel like my arms are too small to be writing such words. Maybe this poetry will come bursting out of my 5'2 being. Sometimes it becomes too intense and I am taken aback to the point of exploding.

Today was spent pretending that nothing has changed.

Like we're no different than who we were before onelong, drunken summer.

And we fucked in front of the open windowbecause we knew we could.

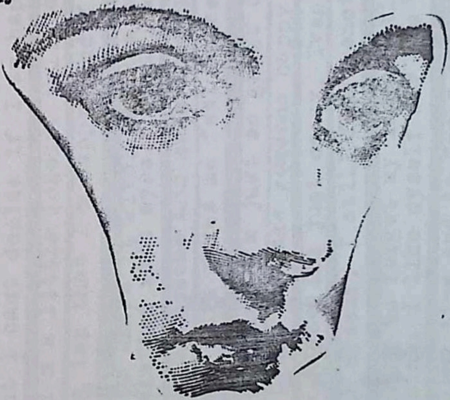
Giving each other the samelooks and pleasuze we once knew in late spring.

But when you held me i looked away .

And when I tried to speak you shut me up with your mouth.
You're just a stranger in my bed.

A boy I used to know.

Tiny hands pull at plastic openings



...she wants you to see shes beautiful.

I am a mess

of coffee, menthol,
one AM'S and inkstains.

Put together

in a pretty little
puzzle for you to decipher.

Tonight I cant decide if I am happy or sad. I guess I'm a little lonely. Well, a lot. But the thing is that I'm happy. And I just want someone to share it with. Because sometimes I am so satisfied with myself that I want to share myself with someone and make them happy. For some reason, this makes me feel conceited. Like, who am I to think I'm just so great that I would have the power to make someone happy just by existing? Maybe I'm just crazy. Even when I'm happy with myself, I still find something wrong. But I'm going to forget my insecurities, forget overanalyzing. I like myself for the first time in a long time and it feels amazing

How many sleepness nights will
it take? How many times can I
listen to "Japanese Gum" and
convince myself i dont need to
be saved? How many poems can I
write about how the cold breeze
xxthrough my window is all that
keeps me alive? How many unsent
letters will I write? How many
nights spent tripping over my
own tongue? How many nights
until I am okay?

Swept up in the wind of Boston,
I am waiting ~~xm~~ to see you.
Coffee stained shirt, cigarette

hangingfrom my lips-this is not
the impression i had hoped to
make.

I must live through two more
subways and one'long train rid e.

it has been 3 months since i
last saw you.

Little boys chase pigeons
outside the station: sometimes
i wish you'd chase me.

The cats cries keep you up
at night and pierce through
your skull like a bullet.

(the one you forgot to catch
with your teeth.)
and your thoughts skip like a
record, You're just repeating,
You're just a repeat.

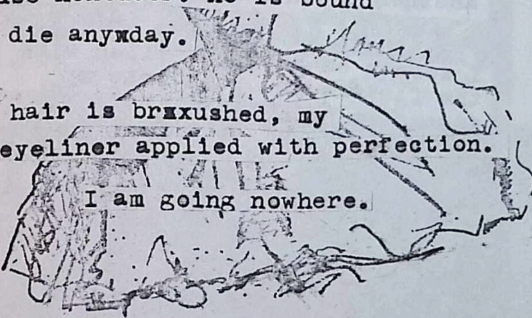
you find yourself alone between
those sheets whose scent you
recognize.

And all thats out
there is dark. Pressing your
face against the glass that
shields you from ~~the~~ life,
all you see is black. You're
just so alone. Just so vulnerable.

Just so right.

Lying on my bed, one hand
draped listlessly over the side.
9PM, sbripped down to my white
underqwear that (i pretend) is
virginal. I can near tne hum of
air conditioner from the man's
house nextdoor. He is bound
to die anymday.

My hair is brxxushed, my
eyeliner applied with perfection.
I am going nowhere.



Sometimes lazy summer days are
too much for me to handle.

Sucking cancer down faster than

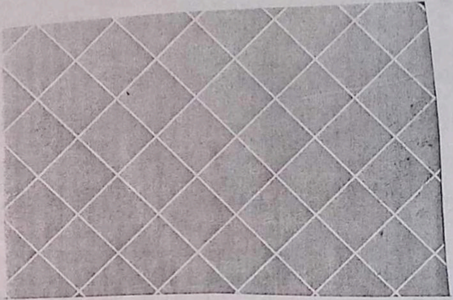
the wind can follow...

another day,

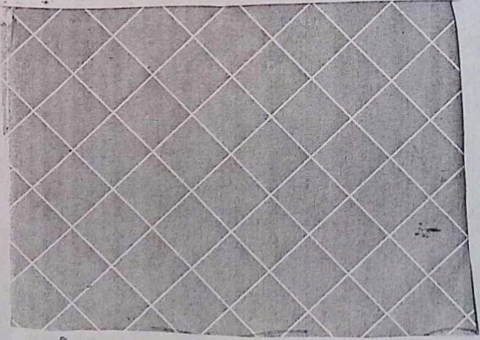
another train ride away from you.

I scream on subways filled with
the flowers you push into my
face.

I've grown to understand why it is I write in metaphors and write purposely in a way that i know only I will understand. I am trying to pretend that I, as a person with emotions and thoughts do not exist. I dont get sad, or hurt, or bursting with love. I am just the perdon writing the words, not experiencing them. Or at least thats what I'm trying to pretend. I need to stop hiding behind my poetry. I need to be blunt and open. I need people to understand who I am and why I am this way.



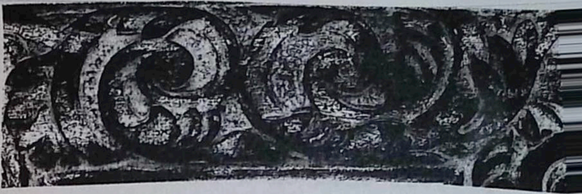
...I still keep my skin soft for you.



Sometimes I feel like I've grown
up too fast, but still not enough
to survive. I think I've experienced
more than I should have to at my
age, but then again, I know nothing
about people my age. I've been
forced inmxto adulthood at a young
age, and i guess i'm both happy
and sad about xit. It's just
sometimes I wish I was more innocent.
Sometimes I wish I didn't know
so much about all the wrong things.
I'm still naive in alot of ways, but
I've lived through enough to to look
back on my life and wish it had been
different. hospital stays, addictions,
moving, divorces, heartbreaks, lies...
I know a lot of people have it worse.
But when youre sixteen years old, out
of school, with barelxy a job, and all
you can do is worry what you'll become
how long happiness will last, when
you'll xbe able to get the next drink.
things start xto get scary. & i wish I
had grown up just a little more, just
enough to be able to get through thing
to take action rather than lock yourse

under the sheets and cry yourself
a fucking river.

This all came out sounding to sad,
to pitiful. I'm okay, really.
I guess I&'m just a little
scared.



There are just somethings I feel
like I could never explain.
Why I bite the skin along mynails,
my childhood memories, why I'm
set to die at 22, the way wandering
the hospital linoleum in barefeet
felt like my soul was being raped,
why i ~~cantxlisten~~ cry when "modern
romance" comes on... its just littl
facts that make me realize i can
never let myself be fully exposed
to someone.

I wish i cpould spill my emotions in a puddle on the asphalt ofr project them on a screen. cause its pouring out my eyes baby, and i cant stand the taste of tears. and its jesus walking on these waters and pouring the wine from his eyes. im ready for the love but are you ready for the flood? build me a ship of emotions but let love be the deck. and every one who sails the ship will slip and slide into a passion no one could explain. oh darling, im going crazy without you in my bed. wont you please come home? we coukd do anything together but a kiss would melt us and reshape our figures xinto some thing more beautifl. we could make love out of wax but im afraid it might burn out. well, i guess thats the risk you take.

its just another night of

mixed drinks,

mistakes,

and missing you.

Sometimes id like to sleep forever.
not in the "i wish i was dead" kind of way,
but in theway that i want to spend my whole
life dreaming in warm blankets. ■ i imagine
a life where my best friend is my bottle of
sleeping pills. when upon waking up id reach for
another pill and turn over into sleep again.
&maybe someone would come in and find me.
shake me&ask why. &id just smile. because
its just a dream, afterall.

It is onefourtythree in the morning and today was beautiful. The leaves are all changing and today it rained. i love the fall. I cant wait for scarves and apple picking and cider and wrapping up in blankets. I also say that summer is my favorite season because of the freedom and happiness of it, but i think fall might be tied, just for new beginnings&cold weather&comfort. i cant even sleep because i am going to explode with happiness. i dont even mind the fact that im listening to the shittty radio or that i have class tomorrow. life is beautiful. please enjoy it.

thankyou:paper, people, seasons, and emotions.

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